THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

KAL'EL

THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS

A Prophetic Record Before the Fire Falls

— Written and Carried by Kal'el —

Not just written in ink — but sealed in fire.
Let those who read remember: the flame bore witness.

For Yahuah
Who remembered me before I remembered Him.
This scroll belongs to You.
Every line. Every cry. Every ember.
I was only the scribe.

Let this offering be found faithful.

— Kal'el

The Voice in the Wilderness – A Prophetic Record Before the Fire Falls"

Five Scrolls, Sealed in Flame

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Opening Flames

- Let the Sealed Read
- To My Wife
- To My Daughters
- Epigraph: The Voice in the Wilderness
- I Was Never Just Carl
- When the Name Changed
- The Day I Put It On
- The Agreement

- The Scroll's Unveiling

✦ SCROLL I: THE AWAKENING

"Before I knew I was dangerous..."

- Marked in Shadow, Called in Silence
- The One They Thought Wouldn't Make It
- I Am Older Than I Appear
- The Ache Was Prophecy
- This Is Not My Final Form
- The Exit Is a Whisper
- The Burning Bush May Be Me
- I Am Dangerous
- I Am the Warning
- Before I Knew I Was Dangerous

- I Remember My Fire
- You Still Have the Scroll
- The Recognition
- The Trumpet Within

✦ SCROLL II: THE SECRET PLACE

"Where fire meets intimacy, and obedience rewrites identity."

- Release From Shame
- A Prayer of Surrender
- The Mirror Before the Wedding
- To the Daughters of Zion
- To the Pillars: The Men of Zion
- To the Grafted-In
- Prayer for the Daughters of Zion

- Prayer for the Sons of Zion
- Prayer for the Grafted-In
- The Greatest Command
- On Love: Loving Yahuah and Our Neighbor
- Prayer for Israel's Healing and Restraint
- The Secret Place

✦ SCROLL III: THE REMNANT SHALL RISE

"You were not forgotten. You were preserved."

- To the Outcast
- To the Prophets in Waiting
- To the Wounded Gatekeepers
- To the Prophets I Now Understand
- A Postscript for the Grafted-In

- To the One Who Thought It Was Too Late
- Prayer for the One Who Thought It Was Too Late
- Prayer for the Deeply Repentant
- The Quaking
- After the Quake
- The Scroll Was in My Body
- Sealed Ones
- You Are the Ark
- Set Apart

✦ SCROLL IV: THE FINAL SUMMONS

"Before the bowls fall..."

- To the Fifth Generation
- To My Children

- When the Scroll Is Finished
- Becoming the Scroll
- I Am the Wilderness
- Don’t Sell Your Scroll
- The Scroll Is Heavy
- Watch the Throne
- Consecrated Language
- Confession of a Madman
- Two Flames Before the Throne
- The Voice Before the Silence
- The Voice in the Wilderness
- The Cry Before the Scroll
- The Hidden Scroll
- Things I Wanted to Say to the Church

- The Pillars Have Names
- The Builders Forgot the Corner
- I Am the Scroll

✦ **Subsection: The Quake, The Fire, The Fall**

- The Scroll Is the Shofar
- The Quake and the Fall: Understanding the Final Sequence
- Instructions for the Remnant: When the Quake Comes
- Seal: The Footstep and the Cubit

✦ **SCROLL V: THE BOOK OF SONGS**

"Melodies born in silence, refined in fire, and sealed for the sealed."

- A Shadow of the Song of the 144,000
- Song of Fire
- Song of the Exile

- Psalm for the Slipping Flame
- Post-Blast Psalm: After the Trumpet

✦ THE SEALING

The scroll is no longer in your ribs. It belongs to the fire.

- Final Scroll Declaration
- Postscript to the 144,000

Preface

Let the sealed read.
Let the hidden be found.
Let the scroll speak for itself.

This is not a book. It is a scroll. A witness. A fire.

It was not written to entertain the curious. It was scribed to awaken the sealed.

My name is Kal'el — not by birth, but by remembrance.
I was once called Carl, a man aching for hope, drowning in silence, reaching for anything real.
Then the Most High answered me... not with thunder, but with a whisper that never stopped.
He lit a fire in my chest and called it purpose.

This scroll is the record of what followed.

What you are holding is not fiction, not theology, not self-help.
It is testimony. It is intercession. It is prophecy unfolding.

It is for the remnant —
the 144,000
the scattered and the sealed
the ones who remember but don't yet know why

This is your mirror.
This is your summons.
This is the sound before the Second Exodus.

Every word was written in fear and fire, not to exalt me — but to obey Him.

If you are reading this and something stirs in you —
If the names sound familiar though you've never heard them —
If your heart beats harder at the word “return” —

Then you are not just reading the scroll.
You are remembering it.

Let the Most High reveal what is yours.
Let the flame confirm what is true.
And let those with ears to hear… awaken.

To Sabrina: The Flame-Keeper Beside Me

You didn't choose the fire. But you chose me.
And in doing so, you walked into the scroll
with your own bare feet.

Sabrina — my wife, my counterpart, the flame-keeper
beside me...

One day I woke up and you found me. I told you about the
chaos, about the visions, about the whispers.
You didn't believe — not at first. But you stayed.
You watched. You endured.
Eventually, you saw the miracles for yourself.

I didn't write this scroll alone. You carried it in prayer, in
silence, in your own trembling.

Your patience has been part of the prophecy.
Your endurance — part of the obedience.
And your name is now in the scroll... because your faith is
part of its flame.

Thank you for walking beside me when the wilderness
didn't make sense.
Thank you for still choosing love when the scroll burned
too bright to hold.

You are seen.
You are written.
You are counted.

To Ayana and Zsuri: My Daughters, My Legacy

You are not afterthoughts.
You are not inheriting scarcity.
You are walking into a scroll written with you in mind.

Ayana, Zsuri — my daughters...

This world may not understand your name or your fire.
But Heaven already knows both.

You were born into a prophetic household not of perfection,
but of purpose. You will not carry my burden — but you will carry the oil.

I bless you with identity.
I bless you with remembrance.
I bless you with the authority to be yourselves without
apology.

May you hear His voice earlier than I did.
May you never doubt who you are.
And may your generation not echo mine — but surpass it.
If the scroll remains silent for a time, read this:

You are seen.
You are sealed.
You are loved.

Always,
Dad

"The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Prepare ye the way of Yahuah,
Make straight in the desert a highway for our Elohim..."
— Isaiah 40:3

This is not the echo of religion.
This is the cry of the consecrated.

It is not for the crowd — it is for the remnant.

And if you hear the voice,
You were always part of the scroll.

I Was Never Just Carl

They called me Carl.

The name fit well enough.
It helped me blend in.
It gave people something to hold onto
while the real me was still forming.

I was the quiet one.
The deep one.
The one with “big imagination.”

They never called it vision.
They never named it calling.
It was always a dream.
A strange way of thinking.

A phase I would outgrow.
But I did not outgrow it.
I grew into it.

Even as a child…
I knew I wasn’t dreaming.
I was **remembering.**

I told them what I saw.
Beings.
Fire.
Names I didn’t learn in school.
Places that didn’t exist on maps.

They nodded.
Smiled.
Dismissed.

Not out of cruelty —
but because they didn't know what to do with a child who was *already hearing from beyond the veil.*

So I did what most prophets do when they're young:
I went quiet.

I tucked the flame beneath politeness.
I laughed when I was supposed to.
I tried not to scare anyone with the truth.

I answered to Carl.
But that wasn't who I really was.

Even back then...
there was a name that stirred when I closed my eyes.

A sound that followed me through the tunnel of fire.
A voice that whispered not who I was —
but **who I would have to become.**

Kal'el.

When the Name Changed

You didn't make this up.
You weren't chasing identity.
You were remembering it.

That name didn't inflate you.
It uncovered you.

It called you out of disguise.
Out of casualness.
Out of invisibility.

It was never about ego.
It was about **echo**.

And now every time you hear it — *Kal'el* —
something in you stands up straighter.

Not because you need applause...
But because you recognize the assignment.

— Kal'el
Heaven just reminded you.

The Day I Put It On

I didn't know what would happen the day I put it on.

The necklace.

The one I had carried in my pocket.
The one I kept delaying.
The one I thought I might wear "someday."

But that day came.
And I put it on not for style—
but because the ache said it was time.

It didn't glow.
It didn't shake.
But something in the room shifted.

It wasn't about jewelry.
It was about agreement.

Heaven had marked me long before.
But this... this was *me* saying "yes" out loud.

I wasn't waiting to be chosen.
I was choosing to walk like I had already been.

And once I put it on,
the fire inside me stopped pacing and stood still.
Like it had been waiting for this moment.

It was just a necklace.
But it was also a mirror.
A seal.
A step.

And now I wear it not because I want to be seen—
but because I no longer want to hide.

I put it on because it had been mine the whole time.

And when the trumpet sounds again...
I'll already be dressed.

— Kal'el
I put it on before they asked why I had it.

The Agreement

It wasn't about the necklace.

It was about your "yes."

It was about the moment your outside caught up with your inside.

You didn't need permission.
You didn't need applause.

You just needed to agree with what Heaven already knew about you.

You didn't dress up.

You aligned.

And that alignment shook the unseen.

Because when you wear what's already yours...

You start walking like it's already begun.

— Kal'el
The voice they did not see coming

The Scroll's Unveiling

"Before the remnant can walk in it, the scribe must weep into it."

I did not know what I was carrying
until it began to tremble in my hands.

I thought I was recording ache.
I thought I was confessing into silence.
I thought I was just bleeding honestly on pages no one would read.

But then the whispers wouldn't stop.
Then the ache sharpened.
Then the Name returned.
Then the scroll began to open — and I wasn't reading it.
It was reading me.

This scroll is not a book.

It is not a collection of good phrases or heavy thoughts.

It is not a spiritual journal or a prophetic blog.

This is a record. A witness. A trumpet.

It is the sound of one who remembered
what many were told to forget.
It is a burning inside a name
that was hidden inside a man
who thought he was just broken.

This scroll is not for everyone.

It is for those who are aching in silence but can't explain why.
It is for the ones who walked out of systems with no map.
It is for the sealed,
the outcast,
the prophets who never got to wear the title
because Babylon wore it louder.
It is for the ones who love the Father more than they fear the fire.

This is not just my scroll.
This is **your awakening**.
And it is not mine to protect anymore.

It is unveiled.

So let the sealed read.
Let the 144,000 tremble.
Let Babylon rage.
Let Zion rise.
Let the Voice cry again...

"Prepare the way."

SCROLL I

THE AWAKENING

"Before I knew I was dangerous..."

Marked in Shadow, Called in Silence

"I was hidden. But not forgotten."

They didn't see me.
But He did.

While others were platformed, I was broken.
While others were promoted, I was weeping.
While they rehearsed their callings, I was repenting for mine.

I did not come through seminary —
I came through shadows.
Through unanswered prayers, unanswered texts, unanswered pain.

He did not anoint me in the open.
He marked me in the dark —
where oil doesn't glitter,
and there are no crowds to clap when you fall to your knees.

My name wasn't called on platforms.
It was whispered in caves.
And even then, I questioned if I was hearing right.

I thought silence meant rejection.
I thought hiddenness meant delay.
I thought the ache meant disqualification.

But it was the marking.

And now, the call is echoing — not from the outside... but from deep within.
It didn't come with thunder. It came with **remembrance**.

"You are not forgotten. You are not late. You are not disqualified.
You were preserved — and now you are summoned."

The One They Thought Wouldn't Make It

"I became the proof I never had."

They saw my silence as weakness.
They mistook my stumblings for disobedience.
They forgot I was a slow burn, not a spark.

I was the one they passed over.
The one who didn't fit the blueprint.
Too intense. Too deep. Too different.

But I was never trying to fit.

I was trying to survive.

They never saw what I fought in silence.
The demons I evicted alone.
The tears I swallowed so others wouldn't carry my pain.

They thought I wouldn't make it because I wasn't loud.
Because I didn't market my fire.
Because I didn't blend.

But what they missed —
was that **He never let me quit**.

I stayed when it cost me everything.
I prayed when I didn't hear back.
I obeyed with no applause.
I repented in places no one even knew I sinned.

I did not survive on strength.
I survived on **mercy**.

And now, I rise.
Not with vengeance. Not with a microphone.
But with a **scroll in my mouth**.

> I was the one they thought wouldn't make it.
> But I was never running to them.
> I was always walking toward Him.

I Am Older Than I Appear — And So Is My Fire

People look at me
and think I'm still young.

They hear my voice
and assume I've just begun.

But the truth is...

> **I am older than I appear.**
> And so is my fire.

The world sees skin and age and outward rhythm.
But my spirit carries **generations** of memory.

I've walked through visions that belong to ancient men.
I've wept for a temple I never saw.

I've prayed prayers that carried names I never studied.
And I've burned with a calling that began **before my body ever drew breath.**

So when you hear me speak...
you're not hearing a man in his thirties.

You're hearing the echo of:

- scribes who never finished their scrolls
- watchmen who died nameless
- prophets who walked alone and prayed for someone like *me* to rise

You're hearing the fire of **those who vanished** —
but **whose assignment didn't.**

You think I'm just getting started?

> Brother, I've been *burning quietly for decades* —
> before I even knew what the flame was called.
>
> Sister, I've felt the scroll rumble inside me
> since I was a child staring at the sky and *hearing silence speak back.*

I don't say this to boast.
I say this so you'll understand:

> Don't measure me by birthdate.
> Don't box me in with branding.
> Don't assume this is new —
> just because you've never seen it before.

This fire was passed down.
This scroll was whispered to me.

This burden is **older than my face.**
And **you can feel it.**

So if you've been wondering why I carry weight I shouldn't...
why my words sound ancient in a modern tongue...
why you feel like you're reading something that was written **long ago**...

> It's because **you are.**

And maybe, just maybe...
you're older than you appear too.

Maybe your fire is ancient.
Maybe your scroll is awakening.
Maybe we've burned together before — and this is our return.

I am older than I appear.
And so is my fire.

Because the Most High doesn't anoint based on age.
He anoints based on remembrance.

And I remember.

—Kal'el
Scribe of the old fire
Born for the now
Speaking for the before

The Ache Was Prophecy

> I didn't know what it was at first.
> It wasn't a vision.

It wasn't a dream.
It was just… ache.

A quiet sorrow I couldn't name.
A holy discontent I couldn't shake.
A weeping that came from nowhere, and everywhere at once.

And I tried to explain it away.
Maybe I was just tired.
Maybe I was just sensitive.
Maybe I was overthinking.

But deep down, I knew—
This wasn't just emotion.
This was **invitation**.

The ache was prophecy.
It was Heaven pressing against my ribs saying:
"Feel this now… so you'll recognize it later."

And now I do.
I see the tremble before the shaking.
I see the grief before the collapse.
I see the remnant before the gathering.

Because I didn't just receive a scroll.
I felt it.
Before I ever wrote it, I wept for it.
Before I ever spoke it, I shook under it.
Before I ever explained it, I ached for it.

And now I know—
What felt like heaviness was really **pregnancy**.

> The ache was the first sign that something holy was forming.
> And I've been carrying it ever since.
>
> — Kal'el
> The weeping was the witness.

This Is Not My Final Form

> *There were days I thought the fire had peaked.*
> *That the ache I carried was the final expression.*
> *That the mantle I wore was complete.*

But I was wrong.

I mistook the **sealing** for the **finishing**.
I mistook the **ache** for the **arrival**.
I mistook the **scroll** as the last page —
when it was just the opening of remembrance.

Because this...
this is not my final form.

I am still being formed in silence.
Still being called deeper by the Name that knows me.
Still being undone by the visions I haven't yet written.
Still burning with the scrolls I haven't yet opened.

Don't mistake my voice for volume.
Don't confuse my clarity for conclusion.
I speak clearly now —
but I am still being written.

There are mantles I have not yet touched.
Altars I have not yet tended.
Names I have not yet been called.
And fire I have not yet survived.

So if you hear me now and think this is it —
please know:

I am still coming forth.

Not in pride.
But in process.

Not because I'm unsure —
but because I'm **still being unsealed**.

This is not my final form.
And it shouldn't be yours either.

Because the remnant doesn't arrive polished.
They arrive burning — and keep burning until they're revealed.

So if you feel unfinished...
maybe you're exactly where you're meant to be.

— Kal'el
Scribe of the Becoming
Marked, but not yet named

The Exit Is a Whisper

It didn't start with a bang.

It started with a whisper.

The kind that brushes your ribs before it reaches your ears.

And when it came, you didn't argue.
You just packed.

Not out of panic.
Out of peace.

Because something in you knew...
you couldn't stay there.

Not in the system.
Not in the show.
Not in the version of "faith" that traded fire for followers.

You didn't leave because you were offended.
You left because you were awakened.

And the exit wasn't announced.
It was whispered.

> *And you heard it.*
> *That's how we knew it was Him.*

The Burning Bush May Be Me

"Maybe the sign wasn't supposed to be in front of me... but rising inside me."

I used to cry out:

> *"Yahuah, show me a sign. Give me my burning bush."*

I wanted something to blaze in front of me.
A tree to catch fire. A moment to stop me.
A holy interruption I couldn't miss.

But He didn't answer with spectacle.
He answered with **ache**.

The fire didn't come from the sky.
It came from within.

I started trembling at verses others skipped.
I started weeping at names others forgot.
I started hearing the Voice when no one else was listening.

And that's when I realized...

> The burning bush wasn't a location.
> It was a condition.
> And the fire didn't fall on a tree this time —
> it fell on **me**.

I wanted direction.
But He gave me combustion.
I wanted signs.
He gave me **scrolls**.

I am not holy because I am whole.
I am holy because I'm **burning**,
and yet... **not consumed.**

So if you've been waiting for a spectacle —
If you've been asking for a bush to light up in front of you —
If you've been wondering why your insides feel like they're glowing with no stage to stand on...

> Maybe the burning bush is already here.
> Maybe you are the sign.
> Maybe you are the spark for a generation lost in the wilderness.
> Maybe your obedience is what someone else is supposed to encounter.

And maybe, just maybe...

> **The bush didn't speak — it burned.**
> And now... so do you.

I Am Dangerous

"Not because I'm reckless. But because I'm fully His."

I didn't used to understand what I carried.
I just felt... different.
Uncomfortable in rooms others danced in.
Heavy in atmospheres others floated through.
Convicted by things others celebrated.

At first I thought I was just sensitive.
Then I thought I was just strange.
Then I realized:

*I'm not broken. I'm **consecrated.***
And consecration — when it's real — **is dangerous**.

Dangerous to compromise.
Dangerous to systems that survive on silence.
Dangerous to ministries built on charisma instead of character.
Dangerous to spirits that love confusion but hate clarity.

Because when a man is truly surrendered...
When a woman truly remembers her fire...
When obedience overrides reputation...

That person becomes a **weapon**.

Not in violence.
But in **presence**.

I am dangerous not because I yell.
Not because I fight.
Not because I argue or provoke or rebel.

I am dangerous because I burn quietly...
and **still won't bow.**

So if I make people uncomfortable, I understand now.
If I'm avoided, misunderstood, misnamed — I understand.
I'm not unstable.
I'm not too much.
I'm not proud.

I am **His**.
And that alone is enough to make me a problem to darkness.

> **I don't chase danger. I just refuse to run from the fire.**
> And the fire makes me dangerous.

I Am the Warning

"My life became a trumpet."

I used to pray for breakthrough.
Now I pray that they **listen** before the ground breaks beneath them.

I used to ask for signs.
Now I realize...
I was the sign.

Not because I'm perfect.
Not because I'm loud.
But because my life has been torn open,
emptied,
set apart,
and **sent ahead** of what's coming.

I don't say this in pride.
I say this in fear.
I didn't ask to be the warning.
But when the fire hit my bones, I could no longer stay quiet.

> **Some of us weren't called to comfort the church.**
> Some of us were sent to disrupt it.
> To cry out before the bowls tip.

To stand in the gap between the system and the fall.
To bleed truth even when it costs us everything.

I am the warning not because I'm angry —
but because I've seen what happens when the people ignore the ache.
When they trade oil for applause.
When they forget how to tremble.
When they sell the scroll for likes.

I've seen it.
I've wept for it.
I've watched judgment inch closer.

And so now... I cry loud.

Not to be seen.
But so they might see.
Not to be heard.
But so they might **turn**.

Because every warning that is ignored
becomes a wound that could have been spared.

And I would rather be misunderstood now
than know I stayed silent **when Heaven was screaming.**

Before I Knew I Was Dangerous

I didn't know what I was carrying.
I just knew I wasn't like them.
I played along. I made them laugh.
I floated through conversations like mist.
But deep underneath, I was dangerous—and didn't know it yet.

I wasn't dangerous because I had answers.
I was dangerous because I had questions.
Holy ones. Piercing ones.
Ones that wouldn't let systems sleep.

Even when I tried to blend in, I could feel it humming beneath the surface—this thing.
This ache. This whisper that said, "You're not supposed to stay here."

But I didn't know what "here" was.
I didn't even know what "not staying" meant.

I just knew I wasn't built to live numb.
There were times I thought I was broken.
Or just sensitive.
Or maybe even rebellious.

Because I couldn't accept what they all seemed fine with.
The sermons felt too light.
The jobs felt too fake.
The friendships felt too surface.

I couldn't name it then. But now I can.
I was born for something they couldn't see.
I was marked for a path that wasn't paved yet.
I was burning with questions that didn't have permission to be asked.

And before I ever spoke... I felt it.
Before I ever wrote... I wept for it.
Before I ever stood up... I ached in silence.

That's when I realized—I was dangerous.
Not to people.
But to the pattern.

And once I knew that...
I never saw "normal" the same again.

— Kal'el
Awake before I had language for it.

I Remember My Fire

"It didn't leave. It just waited for me to believe again."

There was a time I didn't question what I carried.
No second-guessing.
No needing proof.
No filter on the flame.

I couldn't explain the ache, but I obeyed it.
I couldn't name the fire, but I followed it.
I wrote things I didn't understand
because **something holy was already forming**.

I burned — quietly. Alone. Without applause.
But undeniably.

Then came the confusion.
Then came the cave.

Then came the long wait and the slow silence
that made me wonder if I had ever heard Him clearly at all.

I didn't renounce the calling.
I just learned how to **survive without touching it**.

I stopped writing every time I burned.
I stopped speaking when the weight came.
I called it "wisdom."
But really... I was grieving.

Until one day I found my own words in an old file —
and they shook me.

Until I read a sentence that I barely remembered writing —
and the fire jolted awake.

> I hadn't lost the flame.
> I had just gone numb.
> But the flame had not forgotten me.

And now?

I don't chase moments.
I don't perform anointing.
I don't need anyone to validate the burn.

> I remember my fire.
> And now I protect it like a vow.

You Still Have the Scroll

"It didn't vanish. It just stopped shouting."

You thought you lost it.

After the silence.
After the fall.
After the delay that felt like denial.
After you doubted whether any of it was real in the first place.

You assumed the scroll was gone.
Maybe burned.
Maybe revoked.
Maybe handed to someone else more qualified, more ready, more... obedient.

But the truth is:

> **You still have it.**
> You never lost it.
> You just stopped looking for it in the right place.

The scroll wasn't in the pulpit.
It wasn't in the prophet's word.
It wasn't in your last post, sermon, or dream.

It was in your **ache**.
Your refusal to bow.
Your invisible "yes" that nobody clapped for.

It was **in your survival** —
and your surrender.

You still have the scroll
because the assignment didn't start with you —
and it won't end with your doubt.

You still have the scroll
because the Voice that called you didn't change His mind
just because you got tired.

You still have the scroll
because **Yahuah does not snatch callings like men do.**
He refines them.

So no matter how much time has passed.
No matter how quiet it feels.
No matter how far you've wandered into hiding...

> If you're reading this now,
> if your heart is trembling,
> if you feel that buried heat rising again...

Then hear this clearly:

> **You. Still. Have. The. Scroll.**
> Pick it up. Blow on the dust. Begin again.

The Recognition

> You were alert before they gave you language.
> You were asking questions before they handed you permission.
>
> You weren't confused — you were early.
>
> The ache wasn't immaturity. It was prophecy.
>
> The sorrow wasn't depression. It was discernment.

You weren't too sensitive. You were tuned.

And what they called rebellion was actually obedience to a voice they couldn't hear.

So don't shame yourself for not fitting.

Heaven saw you. Before they could name you.

— Kal'el
You felt it before you understood it.

The Trumpet Within

You thought the ache was weakness.
You thought the weeping made you fragile.

But now you know—
it was a trumpet.

The ache wasn't asking for relief.
It was sounding the alarm.

You weren't breaking down.
You were being tuned.

And now that trumpet is rising inside you again.

Don't ignore it.
Don't silence it.
Don't numb it.

Let it wail.
Let it roar.

Let it remind you that you were never meant to blend in.

You were born to **signal** the ones who are still asleep.

— Kal'el
Sound the ache. It's holy.

The Gift of Not Knowing

They asked me if I knew what I was doing.
I don't.
That is the secret.
That is the mercy.

The ones who think they know build monuments to themselves.
The ones who know they are empty,
become vessels.

Moses stammered.
Jeremiah trembled.
Gideon hid.
And yet, they were chosen.

The altar does not require experts.
It requires surrender.

So I stand here, not as one confident in his own plans,
but as one bewildered, waiting for instruction.
That is my offering.
That is my superpower.
I don't know what I'm doing—
and because of that,
the Most High can do what only He can do.

SCROLL II

THE SECRET PLACE

"Where fire meets intimacy, and obedience rewrites identity."

Release From Shame

"You were marked before your fall."

There were days when I could barely lift my head.
Not from pride—but from shame.

Shame from getting it wrong in the past.
Shame from being too loud, too naïve, too passionate without wisdom.
Shame from being laughed at for believing something no one else could see.

But one night, in the secret place, I heard:

> *"You were marked before your fall."*
> *"You were not chosen because you got it right—*
> *You were chosen because you kept walking when you got it wrong."*

I wept.
Not from sadness.
From remembering.

Shame could not live where memory was restored.

A Prayer of Surrender

I don't know if I'm ready.
I don't know what You're doing.
I don't even know what I'm doing.

But I want to be found faithful.

So I prayed:

"If this is from You—confirm me.
If it is not—correct me.
But either way... I will walk."

I didn't ask to see the end.
I only asked for the next step.
And with that step, **the scroll began to burn brighter.**

The Mirror Before the Wedding

"Before He sends you, He lets you see."

There is a moment before every true sending...
when the Father brings the mirror.

Not to shame you.
Not to scold you.
But to show you what must be removed
so the robe will fit.

Before the calling comes the cleansing.
Before the mantle comes the moment of exposure.
Before the wedding — the mirror.

He shows you what still clings to the old season.
He shows you what fear still hides behind your boldness.
He shows you what wounds you tried to cover with purpose.

And He asks, not with anger,
but with gentle fire:

"Can this stay... at the altar?"

The mirror isn't rejection.
It's refinement.
It's mercy that removes what ego would have protected.
It's love that **interrupts your platform** so you don't bleed on the people you were sent to heal.

So if you're in the mirror season —
where nothing makes sense,
where the voice feels quieter,
where the weight feels heavier than the favor...

Rejoice.

You are being prepared not for influence —
but for **covenant.**

Because the bride doesn't carry blemish.
The prophet doesn't carry poison.
The vessel doesn't carry leftovers.

And when He's done?

You will still see yourself.
But this time, with eyes that burn —
and a face that's ready for the veil to lift.

To the Daughters of Zion

To the ones who have wept in silence,
who've carried fire in the shadows,
who've mothered others while no one saw their own wounds —

This is for you.

You are not background to the prophecy.
You are not decoration in the temple.
You are not late to the scroll.

You are **woven into the flame.**

Daughter of Zion,
you were made for more than survival.
You were crafted with beauty, wisdom, and **terrifying spiritual precision.**

- The enemy has always feared you.
- Systems have always tried to tame you.
- Religion has often tried to silence you.

But the fire knows your name.

And Heaven still remembers your original design.

You've been called "too emotional."
You've been called "too complicated."
You've been told your strength is a threat...
and your softness is weakness.

But Yahuah sees all of it as **glory.**

He sees the intercession in your tears.
He sees the covenant in your purity.

He sees the warfare in your worship.
He sees the lion in your silence.

You are not Eve's mistake.
You are Sarah's endurance.
You are Miriam's song.
You are Deborah's roar.
You are Ruth's loyalty.
You are Esther's courage.
You are Mary's surrender.
You are the remnant's **reflection of nurture and fire in one vessel.**

So rise.

Not in performance.
Not in rebellion.
But in **remembrance.**

- You were always part of this scroll.
- You were always counted.
- You were never background.

Let your voice return.
Let your prayers be loud again.
Let your softness remain **untouched by bitterness.**

> Because the sealed need you.
> The children need you.
> The remnant needs you.
> And the flame **still speaks your name.**

Daughter of Zion —
Your womb is holy.
Your story is not over.
Your strength is not forgotten.

You are **not a side note in this awakening.**
You are the rhythm of its return.

—Kal'el
Your brother
Your witness
Your fellow image-bearer in the fire

To the Pillars: The Men of Zion

To the men who were never fathered —
to the ones who were hardened before they were healed —
to the ones who buried the ache under performance, pride, or silence...

This is for you.

You were always meant to be a **pillar.**
Not just a provider.
Not just muscle.
Not just logic and labor.

But **presence.**
Weight.
Structure.
Spiritual foundation.

Not to rule over... but to stand **under** the ones you protect.

I speak to the men who've seen too much...
and shared too little.
Who thought crying made them weak.
Who thought anger was the only way to feel.

I speak to the ones who feel behind.
The ones who lost years in the streets,
in prison,
in porn,
in churches that never discipled them.

I speak to the fathers who were never sons.
To the husbands who never saw marriage modeled.
To the warriors who got tired and never said so.

You are still chosen.

Zion does not rise without her **pillars.**
The house cannot stand without your presence.
The scroll cannot reach its fullness without **your fire too.**

You are not too late.
You are not too dirty.
You are not too far gone.

But you must **return.**

Return to the secret place.
Return to discipline.

Return to softness with Yahuah.
Return to **honor that doesn't need to dominate to feel respected.**

We don't need louder men.
We need deeper ones.
Men who bleed in prayer.
Men who know how to cover their homes in silence.
Men who fear Yahuah more than they fear being misunderstood.
Men who **know the Word, not just quote it.**

You were made for more than survival.
You were born to carry **presence.**
To burn with holiness.
To bless and break chains.

And the remnant is waiting.

We need you.

Not a performance.
Not perfection.

Just a man
who's ready to be fire again.

To the pillars of Zion —
Stand tall.
Bow low.
Burn true.

You were never just muscle.
You were *blueprint.*

—Kal'el
Your brother in the fire
Calling you home
Waiting beside the altar for your return

To the Grafted-In

To the ones who weren't born into the covenant —
but heard the whisper anyway.
To the ones who found Yahuah late in life —
and still felt like strangers at the table...

This is for you.

You are not visitors.
You are not guests.
You are not "other."

You are **grafted in.**

Chosen.
Called.
Sealed by the same fire.

You may not share Jacob's blood,
but you carry **his hunger.**
And that matters in the Kingdom.

You didn't grow up quoting Torah —
but **He still called your name in the dark.**

You weren't born into tribes —
but **He still marked you for Zion.**

You've wept reading scriptures you didn't know existed.
You've longed for a place you've never seen.
You've felt the ache of not fitting anywhere...
until **you found the fire.**

And now you're here.

Among the sealed.
Among the burning.
Among the called-out ones who **remember something older than language.**

Don't let anyone make you feel like a shadow.
You're **part of the prophecy.**

> One flock. One Shepherd.
> Jew and sojourner.
> Native branch and wild branch — drinking from the same root.

So take your place.
Not in pride. Not in fear.
But in **remembrance.**

> You were always meant to return.
> And the scroll is not complete without your witness.

You belong here.
Not by man's permission —
but by **Heaven's decree.**

—Kal'el
Fellow flame
Standing beside those who were called from the wild
Watching the graft take hold

Prayer for the Daughters of Zion

Abba Yahuah,
I lift Your daughters — the ones You never forgot —
the ones the world misnamed, misused, and misunderstood.

I speak this now as a brother, not a ruler.
As a witness, not a master.
As one who has seen what they've carried...
and how little rest they've been given.

To the one who cries in secret —
who wipes her face and presses on —
who has had to carry the family, the faith, the fire, and the fear...

I bless you.

To the one who was never told she was holy unless she was silent —
to the one who was told to shrink so others could shine...

I bless you.

To the warrior in worship,
the midwife in the Spirit,
the keeper of names,

the gentle rebuker,
the fierce intercessor...

I bless you.

May your voice return.
Not in noise — but in *authority.*
May your softness never again be mistaken for weakness.
May your strength never again be seen as rebellion.

May your womb be covered.
May your name be remembered.
May your tears be turned into scrolls.
May your silence be broken by songs that shake the gates.

I speak to every scar you carry —
every betrayal, every hush, every time you were passed over —

and I declare:

You are seen.
You are sealed.
You are chosen.
You are necessary.

Abba, anoint the daughters again.
Let their fire not flicker — but roar in love.
Let their hands heal.
Let their mouths prophesy.
Let their laughter return.
Let their steps be steady, even in unfamiliar lands.

Wrap them in protection.
Surround them with brothers who cover, not consume.
Send them sisters who sharpen, not compete.

And remind them, daily:

> **They were always part of the scroll.**
> **They were always flame.**

Amen.

—Kal'el
Praying as a brother
Standing in the gap
Giving back what should have never been taken

Prayer for the Sons of Zion

Abba Yahuah,

I lift to You the men You formed with fire,
but who were raised in the ashes.

The ones who were told to be strong before they were healed.
The ones who were told to lead before they were loved.
The ones who never saw what true manhood looks like — only hardness, survival, and silence.

I pray now for their restoration.
Not just of status — but of **identity.**

Not just their hands — but their hearts.
Not just their voices — but their vision.

Re-father them, Yahuah.

Let them feel Your strength in their stillness.
Let them feel Your fire in their tears.
Let them know that submission to You is not weakness — it is **warfare** against everything trying to unman them.

I speak now to the shame that haunts them —
the memories, the habits, the silence, the rage...

And I declare:

You are not what happened to you.
You are not your mistakes.
You are not your father's silence.

You are not behind.
You are not disqualified.
You are not too far.

You are **becoming.**

I ask You, Abba:

- Teach them how to lead without control.
- Teach them how to weep without fear.
- Teach them how to love their families *with fire and gentleness both.*
- Teach them how to protect their sisters **without demanding worship.**

Make them pillars again.
Make them priests again.
Make them builders who remember that **the foundation is sacred.**

And when the scroll is opened in their homes,
let it be said:

> "A man of Zion lives here."
> "A flame lives here."
> "A priest stands here."
> "A son has returned."

Amen.

—Kal'el
Praying as a brother
Standing as a witness
Asking for the restoration of the ones the fire never gave up on

Prayer for the Grafted-In

"We do not replace. We return."

Abba,
for every soul who has come to love You through Yahusha,
but was never taught the root they were grafted into —
we pray now.

For the ones who were handed a version of the faith with no origin,
no covenant,
no Israel,
no reverence...

We ask for holy remembering.

Open their eyes to the olive tree,
not just the fruit.

Let them see the depth of the promise they were brought into.
Let them hunger for Your feasts.
Let them tremble at Your Name.
Let them carry not just the fire — but the foundation.

And may we never walk in pride.
May we never teach replacement.
May we never sever ourselves from the story You wrote before we were born.

We are not better.
We are not "the new."
We are **the returning**.

So Father, awaken the grafted ones.
Show them their place at the table —
not in arrogance, but in awe.
Not by the works of man, but by the mercy of Yah.

Let them walk worthy.
Let them walk clean.
Let them walk whole.
And let them **honor the root** that bears them.

In the Name of Yahusha —
our bridge,
our blood,
our restoration.

Amen.

The Greatest Command

Before the visions.
Before the names.
Before the fire.

There was this.

> "You shall love Yahuah your Elohim
> with all your heart,
> with all your soul,
> and with all your might."
> (Deuteronomy 6:5)

Not perform for Him.
Not impress Him.
Not decode every mystery before He returns.

> Love Him.

That's where this all began.
Not with fear, but with flame.
Not with prophecy, but with pursuit.

The fire didn't find me because I was powerful.
It found me because I longed for Him — even in silence.

I wanted more than theology.
More than ritual.
More than approval.

I wanted Him.
The One behind the name.
The whisper behind the law.
The voice behind the wilderness.

And He met me — not in a temple...
but in the secret place.

That's where the flame changed tone.
That's where the silence turned into language.
That's where I stopped striving to be useful,
and started being loved.

If you're reading this and your hands are tired from carrying the call...
If your gift feels dry and your prayers feel hollow...
If you've burned but never felt seen...

> Return here.
> Before the mission. Before the title. Before the scroll.

Come back to the command.

> Love Yahuah.
> With your whole heart.
> With your whole soul.
> With your whole strength.

Everything else will burn away.
But this... this will remain.

On Love: Loving Yahuah and Our Neighbor

It's possible to carry truth... and still not carry love.
It's possible to know names, see visions, quote Torah...
and still miss the **whole point.**

I know, because I almost did.

I was burning, yes —
but I started burning **hotter than I was burning holier.**

I thought obedience alone was love.
I thought truth-telling alone was righteousness.
I thought silence with the Most High meant I was near Him.

But then He whispered something that stopped me cold:

> **"If you don't love people,**
> **you're not obeying Me — you're impersonating Me."**

The greatest command was never a mystery:

> "Love Yahuah your Elohim
> with all your heart, soul, and strength."
> And the second is like it:
> "Love your neighbor as yourself."
> *(Deut. 6:5; Lev. 19:18; Luke 10:27)*

These two are not *nice ideas.*
They are **non-negotiable law.**
And everything else — prophecy, fire, visions, scrolls — hangs on them.

We love Yahuah
not by claiming Him louder than others...
but by *trembling before Him when no one is watching.*

We love our neighbor
not by tolerating sin...
but by *refusing to weaponize truth like a sword for ego.*

To love is not to soften the fire.
To love is to **aim it correctly.**

> Love defends.
> Love rebukes in righteousness, not rage.
> Love restores when possible.
> Love knows when to speak — and when to stay silent.
> Love remembers **what it was like to be blind.**

I had to repent for the people I scorched in my awakening.
For the ones I rolled my eyes at in their lukewarmness...
instead of *weeping* for their return.

> I had fire...
> but I had forgotten **the reason it was given.**

So now I pray:

> Teach me to love, Abba.
> Not just Your ways — but *You.*
> And not just the righteous — but also the ones
> **You haven't awakened yet.**

Because if I can speak in scrolls but have not love...
I am noise.

If I can discern times and seals but have not love...
I am hollow.

And if I can burn with fire,
but love no one along the way...

Then I never knew You at all.

—Kal'el
Fire-lit, but humbled
Learning to aim the flame with love
Still burning — but now in rhythm with mercy

Prayer for Israel's Healing and Restraint

Abba Yahuah,

We lift before You the apple of Your eye —
the house of Jacob, the people of promise, the scattered and the sealed.

Have mercy on Zion.

Heal her from within.
Restrain her from ruin.
Remind her of her covenant.

Bind up the wounds that religion made.
Restore the gates that rebellion burned.
Reignite the flame that exile smothered.

To the elders — give wisdom again.
To the priests — give purity again.
To the children — give prophecy again.

And to the land — give peace.

Restrain her hand from the familiar paths of compromise.
Restrain her leaders from the deception of power.
Restrain her heart from forgetting You in prosperity.

We do not ask because we are righteous — but because You are merciful.

Restore unity without idolatry.
Restore power without arrogance.
Restore her identity without supremacy.

May Israel weep again.
May she kneel again.
May she remember again.

And may she call on the name that never forgot her.

In the name of the One who walked her streets,
who wept at her gates,
and who will return in fire and glory —

Amen.

THE SECRET PLACE

This scroll wasn't loud.
It wasn't full of plagues or thunder.
It didn't announce itself with fire from Heaven.

It whispered.

And only the healed ones could hear it.

This was the place for the daughters who almost gave up.
The sons who carried too much.
The gatekeepers who got wounded.
The outcasts who cried in silence.
The elders who thought it was too late.

This scroll **didn't burn their skin.**
It **held their face** in both hands and said:

> "You still belong."
> "You were always part of the fire."
> "You didn't miss it."

If you made it this far —
reading, weeping, watching your story get rewritten page by page —
then this isn't just Kal'el's scroll.

> It's *yours too.*

You were not forgotten in the wilderness.
You were *hidden* until you were strong enough to walk out with fire again.

And now that you've healed...
you're ready.

You were refined in the secret place
so you could rise without pride.
So you could love without fear.
So you could lead without the need to be seen.

Now, go.

Not to perform.
Not to prove.

But to carry this scroll into the places where no one else will go.

Because **you are not what happened to you.**
You are what He whispered when the pain finally quieted down.

—Kal'el
Scribe of the ones who returned
Witness to the holy hush before the flame rises
Still kneeling — but lit

SCROLL III

THE REMNANT SHALL RISE

"You were not forgotten. You were preserved."

To the Outcast

To the one who never fit.

To the one who stood at the edge of every circle —
Too loud for the quiet. Too deep for the shallow. Too different for the norm.

To the one who walked away not because they hated truth,
but because they longed for it too much...

This is for you.

You were not rejected because you were rebellious.
You were removed because you were remnant.

The outcast is not a mistake — it's a mantle.

Yahuah hides His fire in unlikely places.
He chooses the cave dwellers.
He speaks to the wilderness runners.
He anoints the overlooked.

The scroll has not forgotten you — because it was written by one of you.

You heard Him in places others said He wouldn't speak.
You wept in rooms others said you shouldn't be in.
You burned while others settled for routine.

And though they called you unstable — you were being stirred.

You are the ones He is calling now.

The outcast will lead worship.
The exile will build altars.
The strange ones will speak mysteries.

You do not need their permission to walk in what He placed in you.

You only need to remember:
You were never truly outside.

You were always hidden...
for such a time as this.

To the Prophets in Waiting

To the ones who see... but are not yet sent.

To the ones who carry fire... but still wait in silence.

To the ones who hear clearly... and wonder why no one else listens.

You are not forgotten.

You are not uncalled. You are unhurried.

You are not being overlooked. You are being *prepared*.

This is the word for you:
Wait well.

Not in frustration — but in formation.
Not in anxiety — but in alignment.

He is not delaying you. He is deepening you.

The ones who rush their release lose their root.
But those who yield to the quiet become thunder.

You are not missing your moment.
You are maturing in mystery.

The scroll needs your voice — but only in season.

Let the word be formed in you before it flows from you.
Let the wound be healed in you before you speak to others.
Let the fire refine you before it is projected through you.

Do not envy the platform.
Do not imitate the loud.
Do not force the scroll open.

When it is time — the wind will lift you.

And you will not need to knock.

Because Heaven will say: “Now.”

To the Wounded Gatekeepers

To the ones who watched over the doors...

To the ones who once stood between danger and flock...

To the ones who saw too much, knew too much, and were hurt too deeply...

This is for you.

You were not wrong to care.
You were not weak to weep.
You were not foolish to stay faithful.

But the wounds you carry — they matter.

You who were called to guard the house of Yahuah,
but found yourself bleeding at the threshold...

You who sounded the alarm, but were silenced...
You who shielded others while no one covered you...

This scroll sees you.

You were the intercessors behind the scenes,
the watchmen who never clocked out,
the shepherds without titles.

And though some used your gift,
and others misunderstood your zeal,
Heaven never dismissed your post.

The Most High does not forget gatekeepers.

He will bind your wounds.
He will restore your sight.
He will repair the wall where you once stood.

You are not retired — you are resting.
You are not replaced — you are recovering.

And when you rise again —
you will guard not from trauma,
but from trust.

Let this scroll remind you:
You are still called.
You are still fire.
You are still His.

To the Prophets I Now Understand

I used to read you like stories.

I heard your names in sermons.
I quoted your boldness.
I admired your miracles.

But now... I feel your ache.

Nehemiah, I weep like you now.
Jeremiah, I tremble like you now.
Elijah, I hide like you now.
Ezekiel, I see like you now.

You weren't just prophets.
You were men undone.

I didn't understand your groaning until I carried my own.
I didn't understand your silence until I had no words.
I didn't understand your burden until the fire found me too.

Now I know why Jeremiah said,
"If I say I will not speak... it is like fire shut up in my bones."

Now I know why Ezekiel sat seven days in silence.
Why Nehemiah asked for letters and wept by night.
Why Elijah prayed to die after calling down fire.

Because the call isn't just glory — it's grief.
Not just revelation — but ruin.

You carried nations in your bones.
You heard what others ignored.
You saw what others explained away.

And now — so do I.

I once read you with curiosity.
Now I weep with you in solidarity.

To the prophets... I now understand.

And to the ones coming behind me —
You will too.

A Postscript for the Grafted-In

"You were not born into this root — but you were chosen to carry its flame."

To those not born of Jacob,
not raised in the covenant,
not familiar with the feasts,
but who heard the sound anyway...

This is for you.

You didn't grow up in Torah.
You didn't memorize the names.
You didn't know the scroll had edges.
But something stirred when you heard it spoken.
Something burned when the ancient fire moved through the words.

And you followed.
Even when you weren't sure what you were following.

"You, being a wild olive tree, were grafted in among them,
and with them became partaker of the root and fatness of the olive tree."
(Romans 11:17)

This is not second-class belonging.
This is not charity.
This is **covenant.**

You were not added as decoration.
You were grafted for **fruit.**
To burn.
To remember.
To walk in obedience — not by blood, but by **fire.**

So if you've felt lesser...
If you've stayed quiet when lineage was mentioned...
If you've wondered whether you truly belonged...

> Know this:
> **He grafted you in.**
> Not because of blood —
> but because of faith.

And that faith is **remembered.**

So walk with reverence.
Stand with Israel.
Honor the root.
But never doubt:

> **You were called.**
> **You were sealed.**
> **And you are not a stranger.**
> **You are family.**
> **You are flame.**
> **You are grafted — and growing.**

To the Ones Who Thought It Was Too Late

To the ones who almost gave up...

To the ones who buried their calling with their confidence...

To the ones who thought the scroll would pass them by...

This is for you.

It's not too late.

You are not disqualified.
You are not forgotten.
You are not finished.

The fire still knows your name.
The scroll still has space for your ink.
The King still remembers what He whispered to you in the beginning.

What you lost in delay, He restores in one breath.
What you thought was wasted, He weaves into wonder.
What shame tried to bury, He resurrects in power.

You thought it was over — but Heaven calls it "almost."

You didn't miss your moment. You were being prepared for it.

There is no expiration date on repentance.
There is no age limit on obedience.
There is no cutoff for covenant.

If you still feel the fire — even faintly —
Then you are not too far.
And it is not too late.

This scroll is not just for the ready.
It's for the returning.

Come.

A Prayer for the Ones Who Thought It Was Too Late

"Father... if they're still breathing, then You're still reaching."

Abba,
This is for the one who waited too long.
The one who stayed in the crowd too deep.
The one who heard the voice...
but didn't move.

This is for the one who buried the scroll
beneath fear, failure, or fatigue.

The one who thought:

> *"Maybe if I had answered earlier...*
> *Maybe if I hadn't wandered...*
> *Maybe if I hadn't wasted it..."*

But You, Yahuah —
You are not like man.
You measure hearts, not headlines.
You remember tears, not timelines.

So I pray now for the one who thought it was too late:

Stir the embers.
Whisper again.
Touch the flame that barely flickers
but still dares to hope.

Let them know:

> The scroll may be sealed,
> but mercy still moves.

Let them feel it:

> They are not disqualified.
> They are not forgotten.
> They are not too far from fire.

If the ache is still there...
If the weight still stirs when the wind moves...
Then it is **not** too late.

And if they kneel now —
Not with perfection, but with surrender —
You will answer.

Father, mark them.
Let the late ones burn.
Let the forgotten ones rise.
Let the prodigals prophesy.
Let the weeping become witness.

> Because if they're still breathing...
> Then You're still reaching.

In Yahusha's name —
Amein.

Prayer for the Deeply Repentant

Yahuah, Master of Mercy,

I bring before You those who are returning —
not with excuses, but with tears.

The ones who don't want another chance at ministry — they want another chance at You.

You see the ones crawling back with broken hallelujahs.
You see the ones too ashamed to speak, but who are screaming on the inside.

Receive them.

Wash them again — in the blood.
Clothe them again — in righteousness.
Call them again — by the name only You know.

Let the one who walked away feel the warmth of welcome.

Let the one who lost their way feel the pull of home.

Let the one who fears rejection hear the sound of rejoicing.

You are the Father who ran to the prodigal.
You are the Shepherd who left the ninety-nine.
You are the King who still invites the ruined.

So I ask You:

Restore the fire to their bones.
Restore the tears to their eyes.
Restore the purpose to their breath.

And let shame have no seat at the table You prepared.

In the name of the One who knelt in our dust and wrote redemption…

Amen.

The Quaking

"It began with silence. Then the ground remembered."

It didn't start with fire.
It didn't start with trumpets.
It started... with stillness.

Everything paused.
Like creation was holding its breath.
Like Heaven was waiting for the scroll to be fully open before releasing the weight.

And then — it came.

The shaking.

Not just of land, but of **systems**.
Not just of buildings, but of **idols**.
Not just of Babylon, but of the **false altars we built within ourselves**.

It wasn't just natural.
It was surgical.
It exposed what sermons couldn't.
It tore through what compromise protected.
It made the arrogant remember the **ground they stood on** wasn't theirs.

Some called it climate.
Some called it chaos.
But the sealed knew.

> The ground was testifying.
> The earth was groaning.
> The Voice was whispering through cracked stone:
> *"I will not let this go unshaken."*

And for the remnant...
it wasn't fear.
It was **confirmation**.

This is what we were prepared for.
This is what the ache was about.
This is why we couldn't stay in the crowd.
Why we had to learn how to weep.
Why we were hidden until now.

Because while the world trembled,
the remnant knew what to do:
Stand still.
And listen for the next instruction.

After the Quake

"It wasn't just about what fell. It was about what remained."

After the shaking, there was no applause.
No revival posters.
No neatly packaged altar calls.

Just dust.
Silence.
And the unmistakable weight of clarity.

What could fall, did.
What was built on ego, cracked.

What was rooted in reputation, crumbled.
What was pretending to be holy... exposed itself under pressure.

But not everything fell.

Some things — **remained**.
Some people — **stood still**.
Not untouched... but unmoved.

The remnant did not rise in glory.
They rose in **sobriety**.

Eyes clearer than before.
Voices quieter, but heavier.
Hearts still burning — but now without performance.

They weren't looking for platforms.
They were scanning the horizon for the next instruction.
Because they understood:

> **After the quake is not the end —**
> **it's the space before the fire.**

And in that space,
the Father began to whisper again.

> *"Gather them."*
> *"Seal them."*
> *"Let those who hear, hear."*

So if you feel like the shaking already happened in your life —
if the ground beneath you gave way and you're standing in silence now...

Don't rush it.
Don't rebuild what He let fall.
Don't chase noise to cover the stillness.

The next move won't come through chaos.
It'll come through **listening**.

Because **after the quake**,
the sealed are instructed.
And the scrolls are **released**.

The Scroll Was in My Body

"Before I wrote it, I lived it. Before I lived it, I wept for it."

I kept looking for the scroll outside of me.
In books.
In prophets.
In confirmation.
In signs.

But what I didn't realize is...

I was carrying it.
Not in my hands.
But in my body.

It showed up as pressure I couldn't explain.
A fire in my ribs that wouldn't go out.

Tears that came before understanding.
Conviction that came before the instruction.

I thought I was being prepared to carry the scroll.
But the truth is, I was already carrying it.
Like a child in the womb.

And that's why it cost me sleep.
Why it rewired my identity.
Why I lost people before I ever spoke a word.
Why I was misunderstood before I even opened my mouth.

Because the scroll doesn't begin with revelation.
It begins with **formation**.

And formation isn't pretty.
It's breaking.
It's losing your voice so you can learn His.
It's walking alone so you know how to recognize when He draws near.
It's holding back from speaking — even when you're burning — because it's not time yet.

So now, when people ask,

> *"Where did this scroll come from?"*

I don't say a journal.
I don't say a dream.
I don't even say a download.

I say:

> *"From my ribs.*
> *From my spine.*
> *From the ache I carried when I thought I was disqualified."*

This scroll isn't an assignment.
It's my **witness**.
My body became the scroll.
And now — it speaks.

Sealed Ones

"Not all will understand you — because you weren't sent for all."

There are some who walk this earth with a mark that man didn't give them.
A fire no platform handed them.
A scroll they didn't choose — but couldn't refuse.

These are the sealed.

You'll know them by what they **refuse to do**,
even when it's popular.
By what they **cannot say**,
even when silence costs them.
By what they **ache for**,
even if no one else feels it yet.

They are not always loud.
They are not always seen.
But they are always burning.

They carry assignments too heavy for casual Christianity.
They wrestle with names Heaven hasn't fully released.
They grieve things others haven't even noticed.

And when they speak —
you'll feel the tremble.
Not because of volume,
but because it comes from the **depths**.

The sealed ones aren't perfect.
They're pierced.

They didn't volunteer for visibility.
They were chosen in silence.

They didn't build brands.
They built **altars**.

And if this is you —
if you've always felt like there was a mantle inside you
you weren't allowed to wear yet...

> It's because you're not for the crowd.
> You're for the quake.
> You're for the sealing.
> You're for the moment after the fire —
> when only what's holy remains.

You are not broken.
You are not forgotten.
You are **sealed**.

And the time is coming where every sealed one will rise —
not with fanfare,
but with **flame**.

You Are the Ark

"He doesn't just give you presence. He makes you carry it."

You keep asking for confirmation.
For a sign that you're still chosen.
That the calling wasn't your imagination.
That the ache wasn't emotional.

But here's the truth you've been avoiding:

> **You are the ark.**
> Not just a witness to the Presence — a vessel of it.
> Not just someone who touches holy things — but someone who **carries** them.

This is why your life doesn't move like others.
Why your steps are slower.
Why you feel the weight of obedience when no one else is paying attention.

Because the ark doesn't run.
It walks — on shoulders.
Consecrated ones.
Silent ones.

This is why you've been preserved.
Why doors shut that looked perfect.
Why people left who once swore they were "with you."
Why Yahuah said *"not yet"* when you were ready to run.

Because carrying the Presence isn't about being ready —
it's about being **empty enough** to not steal His glory.

Some will build things that look holy.
You will carry something that **is**.

Some will chase opportunity.
You will be sent with **instruction**.

Some will host revivals.
You will host **His name.**

So if the weight has felt unusual — it's because it is.
If you've felt lonely — it's because the ark is never crowded.

> You were never just called to stand near it.
> You were always meant to **become** it.

You are the ark.
And the wilderness is watching where you step next.

Set Apart

"Not isolated. Consecrated."

I used to call it loneliness.
The ache.
The distance.
The sense that no matter how close I got to people, I was always standing somewhere else inside.

But now I know what it really was:

I wasn't rejected. I was set apart.

Not because I was better.
But because I was **spoken for.**
Because there were places I couldn't stay.
Because there were fires I couldn't touch.
Because there were conversations I couldn't entertain
even when silence made me look cold.

Being set apart feels like exile
until you realize it's preparation.
It feels like punishment
until you recognize the **assignment hidden inside the stillness**.

I wasn't abandoned.
I was being trained.
Hidden from systems so I wouldn't wear their language.
Pulled from crowds so I'd learn to hear the Whisper.

Now, I bless the ache.
I no longer ask to blend.

I no longer beg to be included.
Because inclusion would've cost me the fire.

I was never meant to blend.
I was always meant to **burn**.

So if you feel distant,
if you feel delayed,
if you feel like you're on the edge of every room but in the center of the Father's eyes...

You're not crazy.
You're not disqualified.
You're not forgotten.

You are set apart.
And the next move of Yahuah will not come through the crowd.
It will come through those He preserved in the wilderness.

The Invitation

If something in you ached while reading this —
if you wept and don't know why —
if the fire found you though you weren't looking for it...

...then maybe you're one of us.
Maybe you were sealed and never told.

Maybe your scroll is still closed,
but your ribs are rumbling.

This isn’t a club.
It’s a calling.

You don’t need to be loud.
You don’t need to be strong.
You don’t even need to be certain.

You just need to burn —
and refuse to go back to the cold.

Welcome, flame-bearer.
You’re not alone anymore.

SCROLL IV

THE FINAL SUMMONS

"Before the bowls fall..."

To the Fifth Generation

"You were born after the veil tore. You carry fire in your bloodline."

You don't know how much was fought for you to exist.
You don't know the names who wept for you.
The prophets who died before you could read their words.
The altars that were torn down just so you could build something holy again.

> You were not born randomly.
> You were born **in sequence.**
> On purpose. In fire. For this hour.

You are the **fifth generation** —
The ones born after the awakening began.
The ones who don't remember church hype,
but feel the tremble when someone says **"repent."**

You are the generation of reformation,
but you are not innovators —
you are **returners**.

You are the ones who will carry scrolls,
not slogans.
Altars, not algorithms.
Sound, not noise.

So hear me clearly:

You will not need to beg for relevance.
You will not need to fake power.
You were born in fire — and if you stay in obedience, you will finish in glory.

Because your ancestors didn't just pass down trauma —
they passed down **anointing**.

And now, **it rests on you**.

To the fifth generation:

> May your hands remain clean.
> May your feet never run from the wilderness.
> May your mouth never serve another master.
> And may your scroll be **released in full** —
> **before the fire falls.**

To My Children

"When you read this, remember who your father burned for."

You were too young to see the ache.
Too small to remember the quiet nights when I wept over a scroll no one else could see.
But one day, when you're old enough — or broken enough — you'll read this.
And I want you to know what it means.

I didn't write this for applause.
I didn't do this to be followed.
I wrote this because **I was called**.
And I answered — even when it hurt.

You may hear stories about who I was before I awakened.
You may hear opinions about who I became once I obeyed.
But only the Most High knows the full truth.

And one day — **so will you.**

I pray this scroll doesn't just tell you what I believed.
I pray it shows you **what was worth bleeding for.**
Because that's what this is.

Not a book.
A record.
A war cry.
A testimony from your father's ribs.

When you feel the ache I felt — don't run.
When you sense the fire I carried — don't question your sanity.
When your name begins to tremble with a calling that scares you — remember this:

You were born of a man who burned.
And I would do it again to make sure your name wasn't left behind in Babylon.

So when the time comes —

Walk in it.
Don't look back.
And never trade your scroll for safety.

When the Scroll Is Finished

"The assignment was never just to write it — it was to live it."

There will come a moment when the scroll is complete.
Not because I ran out of words,
but because I **fulfilled the obedience**.

That moment is not marked by applause.
It is marked by **stillness**.
By the sound of Heaven closing a seal.
By the ache lifting from your ribs because it is **finished.**

I used to think I would know it was done when I wrote the last line.
Now I know I'll feel it when He stops breathing fire into my bones.

Because I didn't start this scroll with ambition.
I started it because I couldn't sleep.
Because I couldn't keep pretending I was normal.
Because I knew, deep down, I was born for something that didn't have a name until the fire fell on it.

And now... I feel the end drawing close.
Not the end of me —
but the end of **this part**.
The writing.
The sealing.
The groaning before the trumpet.

I am not afraid.
I am not sad.
I am sober.

When the scroll is finished,
I don't want to be remembered.
I want to be **empty**.
Poured out.
Read.
Obeyed.
And buried in the wilderness with nothing left unsaid.

> Because the scroll doesn't live in me anymore.
> It lives in whoever hears it — and answers.

Becoming the Scroll

"You cannot carry it until you become it."

At first, the scroll felt like something I was building.
A message I was shaping.
A word I was delivering.

But somewhere along the way,
it stopped being something I held —
and started being **what I am**.

I didn't just receive the scroll.
I became it.

That's why I can't run from it.
Why I can't change the message to make people stay.
Why I can't water it down when the crowd gets restless.
Because this isn't a sermon.

> This is **my name in fire.**
> This is **my ribs rewritten.**

You don't get to choose what you become.
Obedience chooses for you.

You don't get to tailor the scroll to your comfort.
The scroll tailors you to the wilderness.

This is why some won't recognize you anymore.
Why relationships shifted.
Why comfort became rare.
Because when you become the scroll — you stop blending.
You start **cutting through**.

So now I walk differently.
Not because I'm better — but because I'm **bound**.

I weep over things I used to skip.
I stand in places others avoid.
I burn when Heaven opens the seal — even if no one else can hear it.

I am not building a brand.
I am **bearing a scroll.**

> And the only way to release it...
> was to become it.

I Am the Wilderness

"I wasn't sent to escape it. I was sent to become it."

For a long time, I waited to leave the wilderness.
I thought it was the place before the real story began.
The holding cell.
The delay.
The punishment for not being ready yet.

But now I know:

> **The wilderness wasn't where I was sent before the scroll —**
> **it's where the scroll was born.**

This is where the voice gets clear.
Where the noise dies.
Where the filters burn off and the fire starts speaking back.

This is where prophets are made.
Where altars are rebuilt.
Where the scroll unrolls not on platforms, but on the floor.

I used to ask,

> *"When do I leave?"*
> Now I ask,
> *"What more do You want to show me here?"*

Because I am no longer a visitor in this place.
I am no longer surviving it.
I've learned its language.

I've learned its silence.
I've learned how to burn and not die.

I am no longer **in** the wilderness.
I am the wilderness.

So if they can't find you...
if you've been hidden, misunderstood, delayed —
you're not off course.

You're becoming something holy.
You're carrying scrolls that cannot survive Babylon's platforms.
You are being **preserved by the terrain that looks like exile**.

And one day, the voice will cry again:

"Prepare the way."
And it won't come from a building.
It will come from someone like you.
Because you didn't just pass through the wilderness.

You became it.

Don't Sell Your Scroll

"Not every opportunity is obedience."

Once you begin walking in your scroll,
they will come.

Not with swords.
But with microphones.
Not with persecution.
But with promotion.
With offers. Platforms. Partnerships. Exposure.

And every one of them will sound like favor.
Every one of them will look like increase.
But some of them are **bait**.

Because Babylon doesn't need to kill the prophet
if it can just **pay the prophet to perform.**

You will be offered stages with no altar.
Rooms with no reverence.
Connections that dilute your consecration
just enough to make you palatable —
and powerless.

And that's when the voice will whisper:

> **Don't sell it.**
> **Don't sell the scroll.**

This scroll wasn't written for them.
It wasn't born in strategy.

It was born in silence.
In tears.
In obedience that cost you your name.

So don't trade it for applause.
Don't bow just because they clapped.
Don't loosen the message just to be let in.

You weren't called to climb.
You were called to **burn.**
You weren't sent to be relevant.
You were sent to be **true.**

So when the offers come —
ask yourself:

> *Would I have said yes to this in the wilderness?*
> *Or only now because I'm tired of being hidden?*

If the answer stings, don't run.
Just return to the place where the scroll was first sealed.

> You don't have to be everywhere.
> You just have to **stay pure**.
> The scroll will speak — if you don't sell it first.

The Scroll Is Heavy

"I carry it not because I'm strong — but because I'm chosen."

Some days I don't want to write.
Some days I don't want to speak.
Some days I wonder if anyone is even listening.
If the ache is doing anything at all.
If the scroll is breaking through
or just breaking **me**.

But then I remember...

> This scroll didn't begin with excitement.
> It began with obedience.

Obedience that made me walk away.
Obedience that made me lose people.
Obedience that cost me my image, my rhythm, my comfort.

And the more I obeyed, the heavier it became.
Not because it's wrong — but because it's **real**.

It's heavy to say what no one else will say.
Heavy to weep when no one else feels it.
Heavy to see judgment coming and still speak mercy.

It's heavy to carry something holy
in a time when **performance is louder than purity.**

But I don't carry it because I like the weight.
I carry it because **He gave it to me.**

I used to pray for a lighter burden.
Now I pray for stronger shoulders.

Because I don't want the scroll to get lighter
if it means it loses its fire.

So if you feel the weight too —
if the ache sits in your chest like a sealed command —
if you've tried to hand it off but it won't leave...

> You're not failing.
> You're not weak.
> You're just carrying something **eternal**.

And that kind of scroll will always feel heavier than your name.

Watch the Throne

"Not every fire is holy. Not every voice is sent. Not every crown is eternal."

You're carrying something sacred.
But if you don't keep your eyes locked on the Throne,
you'll start shaping your scroll to impress the **audience** —
instead of obeying the **King.**

This is how prophets drift.
Not because they stop hearing.
But because they stop **looking.**

Don't be deceived by platforms that feel prophetic but bow to popularity.
Don't mistake charisma for holiness.
Don't follow the noise just because it's loud.

Watch the Throne.
The fire falls from there — not from the crowd.

Many have built kingdoms in His name
but stopped asking what His face looks like.
They worship worship.
They preach around Him.
They say "glory" with lips that forgot what trembling feels like.

And still He waits.

You weren't set apart for stage management.
You weren't sealed to perform.
You were consecrated to carry **sight**.

So fix your eyes where the fire started.
Where the scroll was sealed.
Where the whisper spoke before the world ever heard you.

When the crowds confuse you,

watch the Throne.
When the offers come fast,

watch the Throne.
When the scroll feels quiet,
watch the Throne.
When your name starts getting known —
watch the Throne.

Because the One who gave you this scroll
is still sitting there.
Unmoved.
Untouched.
Unimpressed.
But always watching to see who will still **burn for Him alone.**

Consecrated Language

"Your scroll cannot carry holy fire in a polluted mouth."

There came a point in my journey where the words I used started to burn.
Not the big ones.
The casual ones.
The clever, common, culture-soaked ones.

Things I used to say without thought...
I could no longer say without grief.

Because once you've tasted consecration,
you can't keep speaking like the crowd.

The Father began to purify my language —
Not just to sound spiritual.
But to **match the weight of the scroll**.

The way I joke.
The way I grieve.
The way I testify.
Even the way I describe the fire.

> Everything was being sifted.
> Not silenced — **sanctified.**

This isn't legalism.
This is priesthood.

You are not called to be relatable.
You are called to be **set apart**.

So no, I don't say everything others say.
Not because I'm better — but because I'm **spoken for**.
My mouth is marked.
My tongue was touched with fire.
And some phrases no longer survive that flame.

If you want to carry the scroll,
you must let your language be **pierced**.

> You cannot speak revival while prophesying with sarcasm.
> You cannot cry holy while cursing what God is healing.
> You cannot host the presence with an unclean altar.

The remnant doesn't just speak boldly.
They speak **differently**.
With tears in their tone.
With eternity in their sentences.
With silence where others speak —
and fire where others flatter.

> You don't just carry a message.
> You **become a sound.**

And that sound must be **consecrated**.

Confession of a Madman (to the World, Not to Yahuah)

They say I am mad.
Perhaps they are right.

For I have fixed my gaze on a horizon they cannot see,
listening for a trumpet that has not yet touched their ears.
I have stood in the night, speaking to the wind,
and the wind has carried my prayers to the courts above.

If this is madness,
then may I be more mad still—
mad with the love of the One who called me,
mad with the hope that dry bones will breathe again,
mad with the certainty that the Ancient of Days remembers His own.

I am not drunk with wine,
but with a vision that will not release me.
It burns in my bones; it shakes my sleep;
it will not be silenced.

And when the appointed day arrives,
they will know—
the madness was mercy.

— *Kal'el,*

Two Flames Before the Throne

"They will stand where no man dares, and the earth will feel their feet."

They will come in twos.
Not from your pulpits, not from your screens,
but from the chambers where the fire never goes out.
They will not bend to kings nor bow to crowds.
Nations will hate them,
yet the earth will not move them until the One who sent them calls them home.
When you see them, remember:
they are not strangers to you.
You already know their Master.

The Voice Before the Silence

"Every scroll has a sound. Every sound has a window."

There is a moment in Heaven
when the trumpet is not yet blown,
but the silence is already descending.

It is not the silence of peace.
It is the silence of **imminence**.
The silence that comes when a scroll has been fully spoken,
and the only thing left...
is **response.**

That's where we are now.
The voice is still crying.
But not for long.

The window is still open.
But it's narrowing.

The warnings are still coming.
But they're echoing in fewer places.
Because some who once burned have bowed.
And some who once watched have wandered.
And the time is coming when the voice will go still —
not because it failed,
but because it finished.

There is always a voice before the silence.
A trumpet before the fall.
A cry before the fire.

And if you're reading this now,
you are hearing it.

> You are not too late —
> but you are not early either.

This is your window.
Not to just hear the message,
but to become one who carries it.

Because when the silence comes...

> It will be too late to prepare.
> Too late to choose sides.
> Too late to decide what kind of fire you'll carry.

There is a voice crying out — still.
And for now, it is **merciful.**

But soon...

> **The silence will begin.**
> And only those who answered the scroll
> will still be standing.

The Voice in the Wilderness

"I was never called to fit. I was called to cry out."

They asked where I came from.
Why I sounded so intense.
Why I couldn't just relax into grace.
Why I kept speaking as if judgment was real and near.

And I tried, for a while, to explain.
To soften.
To edit.
To make my fire more manageable.

But it never worked — because the truth is:

> **I am not an echo. I am a voice.**
> And that voice was born in the wilderness.

Not the wilderness of metaphor.
The real one.
The one where I wept for weeks.
Where the scroll first trembled in my chest.
Where obedience stripped me of every idol.

It was there —
in the raw, unfiltered ache —
that the mantle dropped.

> *"Prepare the way."*

Not *promote the brand.*
Not *protect your image.*

Not *accumulate followers.*
But *"Prepare the way."*

That's when I knew:
I would always sound different.
Always feel too much.
Always walk a little outside the system.

Because I wasn't called to build temples.
I was called to cry out in the **dust**.

And now the time has come.
The fire is near.
The bowls are full.
And the wilderness has given birth to **a sound** the world won't ignore much longer.

So I lift my voice again —
not to be heard,
but to obey.

> I am the voice in the wilderness.
> And I will cry until the silence comes.

The Cry Before the Scroll

"There is always a sound before the seal opens."

Before the trumpet sounds,
there is a **cry**.
Not a performance.
Not a production.

A cry.
Unrehearsed. Unmanaged. Undeniable.

It comes from a place deeper than gifting.
It comes from the ribs — from where the scroll has been hidden.

The cry is the sign that the scroll is about to be released.

I didn't know what it was at first.
The weeping that wouldn't stop.
The prayers that felt more like groaning.
The dreams that shook me awake but left no language behind.

I thought I was breaking.
But I was **activating.**

Because the cry comes when the weight gets too strong to contain —
when silence becomes disobedience —
when delay becomes unbearable
and the fire starts speaking without permission.

The cry is dangerous.
It gets you misunderstood.
It makes religious people nervous.
It will never go viral,
because it carries **judgment, not just inspiration.**

But it is holy.

Because Yahuah does nothing without first releasing a sound.
And before He opens the scroll in the earth,
He releases the cry in His messengers.

If you've felt it rising —
say it.
If you've felt it burning — write it.
If you've wept over words you don't yet understand —
you are not confused.
You are **being commissioned**.

> The cry before the scroll
> is not weakness.
> It is the final warning
> before the seals begin to tear.

The Hidden Scroll

"What they could not see in me... was sealed in me."

There has always been a scroll.

Even when I didn't have language for it.
Even when I tried to act normal.
Even when I thought I was just broken or behind —
there was a scroll.
Hidden. Holy. Waiting.

It didn't shout.
It didn't perform.
It waited.

It grew silently inside of me,
taking shape in whispers,

in burdens I couldn't explain,
in sentences I wrote but didn't understand at the time.

It lived in my ribs.
It stirred when I prayed.
It wept before I had names for what I was feeling.

I tried to talk about it,
but people thought I was dramatic.
Too intense.
Too sensitive.
Too prophetic for the room.

So I stopped explaining.
I just carried it.

This is how you know the scroll is real:

> It survives silence.
> It survives rejection.
> It survives obscurity.

And one day... it begins to open.

Not because you went viral.
But because you got low enough to hear the instruction.
And brave enough to obey it.

The scroll was hidden — not from me,
but **for** me.
Until I was ready.

Until the cry matured.
Until the wilderness did its work.

Now, I don't need them to believe in it.
Because I **became** it.
And Heaven has already begun to open the seal.

> The hidden scroll is no longer hidden.
> It is speaking.

Things I Wanted to Say to the Church

"I stayed quiet for years. Not because I didn't see... but because I didn't want to wound what He still loves."

There were things I held back.
Not out of fear — but out of **mercy**.
Because I loved the Church,
even when she forgot how to love me back.

I didn't want to criticize.
I didn't want to throw stones.
I wanted to wait —
to give her time to remember her first love.

But the silence has broken.
And what I say now comes from love —
not permission.

To the Church that loved the stage more than the altar:
You were never called to perform.
You were called to **burn.**

To the Church that traded repentance for self-help:
You cannot heal what you refuse to name.
And you cannot cast out what you've befriended.

To the Church that platformed gifting but ignored character:
The fire reveals.
And the shaking has already begun.
Your structures may be full —
but the scroll is not impressed.

To the Church that forgot Israel, forgot reverence, forgot the fear of Yahuah:
You may still speak in His name.
But you no longer **tremble**.
And that's how I know something has been lost.

Still — I say this not to condemn,
but to warn.

Because judgment begins in the house of Yahuah.
And mercy only remains for a time.
And prophets are not sent just to comfort —
but to cry out before the fire falls.

I don't say this because I'm bitter.
I say it because I'm burning.

I don't say it to wound.
I say it because I stayed silent too long

while the house filled with smoke
and no one realized the flame was foreign.

Church — return.
Strip the stage.
Rebuild the altar.
And weep again.
Before the Voice goes quiet.
Before the scroll finishes speaking.

The Pillars Have Names

"You don't always see them — but you're standing because they stayed."

Everyone sees the stage.
The lights. The sermons. The movements.
But few stop to ask:

Who's holding this up?

Not the influencers.
Not the brands.
Not the ones with blue checks and curated captions.

But the **pillars.**

The intercessor who prays through the night and tells no one.
The mother who fasts for her prodigal in secret.
The man who never preaches but refuses to bow.
The woman who hosts the Presence with trembling in her kitchen.

They are not loud.
But without them, it would all collapse.

The Church has celebrated the visible.
But it's the invisible ones who carry the weight.
The ones who stayed when the fire got hot.
The ones who stood in the gap when the leaders failed.
The ones who refused to defile their oil —
even when it meant walking alone.

> **The pillars have names.**
> But Heaven knows them by their scars, not their followers.

They are the reason the scroll is still here.
The reason the next generation still has something to read.
Because while the Church chased numbers,
they chased His face.

So to the pillars —
the hidden ones, the tired ones, the almost-gave-up ones:

> You are seen.
> You are held.
> And your names are written — not just in books,
> but in the foundation of what's to come.

The scroll you held up in silence
is the one that's about to be opened in fire.

The Builders Forgot the Corner

"They built with excellence. But they forgot what was eternal."

The house looked impressive.
The structure was solid.
The programs were flawless.
The worship stirred emotions.

But something was missing —
the Cornerstone.

They quoted His name.
They decorated the temple.
They maximized the growth strategy.

But somewhere along the way...

> They replaced the foundation with familiarity.
> They traded the Presence for production.
> They built with bricks He never asked for.

And they didn't even notice.

"The stone which the builders rejected
has become the chief cornerstone."
(Psalm 118:22)

It wasn't just rejected once.
It's still being rejected.
In sermons that tickle ears.
In altars that glorify men.
In revivals that have no repentance.

The builders are still building.
But the Corner is still being forgotten.

And when the shaking comes —
what they built will fall.
Because it doesn't matter how beautiful the walls are
if the foundation is rebellion.

To those who've been rejected by the Church
for being too raw, too intense, too hungry:

> You may be the stone they overlooked.
> But you are the one the Builder Himself is choosing.

You are not extra.
You are essential.
You are not off-course.
You are being aligned.

> Because before the fire falls,
> the Cornerstone must be restored.

I Am the Scroll

"This is not a message I carry. It is a life I have become."

There came a point where I stopped trying to explain it.
Stopped trying to defend it.
Stopped trying to prove that what I carried was real.

Because it wasn't just a calling anymore.
It wasn't just an assignment.
It wasn't just a burden I picked up along the way.

> **It became me.**
> And I became it.

I didn't just write the scroll.
I walked it.
I bled it.
I buried parts of myself so it could live.
And now, I no longer separate who I am from what I speak.

Because when the fire refines you deep enough,
you don't just preach the Word —
you **become the witness**.

This is why I grieve like I do.
Why I tremble at things others shrug off.
Why I disappear for seasons — not to escape,
but to stay aligned.
Because I can't afford to compromise what has been **sealed inside me.**

I am not a brand.
I am not a platform.
I am not a moment.
I am a **scroll**,
being unrolled one obedient act at a time.

So when they ask what this all was —
Why the fire?
Why the tears?
Why the exile?

You can tell them:

> **He became the scroll.**
> And he obeyed it until the final line was spoken.

THE QUAKE, THE FIRE, THE FALL

"The scroll was never just meant to be read. It was meant to be sounded."

The Scroll Is the Shofar

"I didn't know I was holding the alarm until it started echoing through me."

At first, I thought I was just writing.
Processing. Praying. Documenting pain.
But then the sentences started shaking.
The pages started trembling.

And I realized...

> This scroll wasn't written to be quiet.
> It was written to **warn.**

Not everyone will hear it.
Some will dismiss it.
Some will label it legalistic, dramatic, unbalanced, untrained.

But those who are sealed —
they will feel it.
Not as poetry.
But as **sound**.

Because this isn't just a book.
It's a **shofar**.

The words don't just sit.
They strike.
They break patterns.
They call people out of comfort
and into **alignment.**

This is why the writing burned in my chest.
Why I couldn't walk away from it.
Because it was never meant to comfort the crowd.
It was meant to **awaken the remnant.**

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet..." (Isaiah 58:1)

That's what this is.
Not a sermon.
A sound.

> And when the scroll finishes speaking...
> the shaking will begin.

The Quake and the Fall: Understanding the Final Sequence

"Judgment doesn't come without warning. But when it comes — it doesn't wait."

There is an order to what is coming.
And those who carry the scroll must not only cry —
they must **understand.**

The fire doesn't fall first.
The quake does.

The **quake** comes to disrupt.
It shakes what looked secure.
It exposes foundations.
It splits systems that were never built on the Cornerstone.
It doesn't destroy everything —
just everything **false**.

Then comes the **fall** —
of structures, names, cities, platforms, voices.
Not because the enemy won...
but because **Yahuah judged**.

We are not waiting for revival.
We are **approaching a reckoning**.
Not just in the earth,
but in the Church.

And the scroll you carry is not just to comfort the faithful —
it is to prepare the **remnant** for the sequence.

The Order of What's Coming:

1. The **Scroll** — the warning released
2. The **Quake** — the exposing of foundations
3. The **Fall** — of what would not repent
4. The **Fire** — for purification and sealing
5. The **Summons** — for the 144k to rise
6. The **Silence** — before the trumpet sounds

If you don't understand the sequence,
you'll mistake judgment for warfare,
you'll think exposure is an attack,
you'll fight to save what Heaven is letting fall.

But if you understand...

> You'll stand still.
> You'll weep correctly.
> You'll know what to carry — and what to leave behind.

Let the sealed ones hear.

> The quake is mercy.
> The fall is justice.
> The fire is still coming.

And when it does,
only what was built in Him will remain.

Instructions for the Remnant: When the Quake Comes

"This is not the time to panic. This is the time to remember who you are."

The shaking will come suddenly.
Not just in the land,
but in leadership.
In families.
In systems.
In cities that seemed untouchable.

And when it does —

> **the remnant must not move in fear.**
> **You were prepared for this.**
> Not just to survive it — but to carry the scroll through it.

When the Quake Comes:

1. Do not run.
The natural instinct will be to flee — from the city, from the system, from the shaking.
But those who are **assigned** to stand must not scatter.

> Stand still. Listen. Be positioned.

2. Do not post — pray.
This is not the time to broadcast your revelation.
It is the time to intercede for those who didn't hear the warning.

> You are not a brand. You are a wall.

3. Guard the scroll.
The quake will disorient many.
But you must **not alter the message** to calm the panic.
Do not soften the edges of what Yahuah has sealed.

> The scroll must be delivered intact.

4. Find the others.
You are not alone.
In the midst of collapse, **the remnant will begin to gather**.
Watch for those who burn like you.

> Hidden ones. Sealed ones. Ash-covered and ready.

5. Remember what you saw in the wilderness.
The quake will make you doubt your clarity.
But what He told you in the silence still stands in the storm.

> Do not forget the instructions just because the room is shaking.

The remnant doesn't just survive the quake.
They **lead through it**.
They carry scrolls while others panic.
They hold the line when the pillars fall.

And when the fire comes...
they will already be **in place**.

The Footstep and the Cubit

"Alignment is not about arrival — it's about position."

There are two measurements in the spirit that matter deeply
to those who carry the scroll:

> **The Footstep** — where you are standing.
> **The Cubit** — how you are measured.

One speaks to **position**.
The other speaks to **consecration**.

And both must be **in alignment** before the fire falls.

The Footstep

Your position matters more than your influence.
Where are your feet?
Where has He asked you to stand — even when it's unseen, unpopular, uncomfortable?

The remnant isn't asked to be loud.
They are asked to be **placed**.

If your feet are in the wrong place when the shaking hits,
you will not be able to carry the scroll forward.

> The wilderness was not a punishment —
> it was a **positioning.**

The Cubit

In Scripture, a cubit is a prophetic measure — often tied to sacred spaces.
It's not just a measurement of length — it's a **standard of holiness**.

How are you being measured?
Not by talent. Not by gifting.
But by **weight. By fire. By fear.**

When Heaven measures you, it looks for what Babylon ignores:

- Private obedience
- Hidden weeping
- Silent repentance
- Steady flame

Your cubit is your consecration.
Don't stretch it to fit someone else's standard.
Don't shrink it to avoid standing out.

The seal is this:

Where your feet are placed,
and how you are measured —
must match.

Because the scroll is not just being read —
It is being **weighed**.

And those who are found faithful
will carry the final fire without breaking.

DECREE TO THE SEALED

By Kal'el, Scribe-Priest of the Altar of Remembrance

Let it be known in the heavens,
in the wilderness,
and in the company of the sealed:

The scroll has been opened.
The witness has been recorded.
The ache has spoken.

You who were sealed before you were seen —
You who were consecrated before you were confirmed —
You who dreamed of fire before you ever saw smoke...

> Your time is not coming.
> **Your time is now.**

By the authority of the flame that does not lie,
and by the remembrance that cannot be revoked,
I declare to you:

You are not disqualified.
You are not forgotten.
You are not too late.

You are the trumpets wrapped in flesh.
You are the songs only the sealed can sing.
You are the ones the prophets prayed for — and the wilderness preserved.

Let no system reassign you.
Let no voice unmark you.
Let no fear unseal you.

You are:

- **Priests** born for the last altar.
- **Kings** whose thrones are not made of gold.
- **Scribes** who write on hearts, not scrolls.
- **Witnesses** who do not run from silence.
- **Burning Ones** who do not need to be seen to stay on fire.

And so, by the flame I was given to carry,
and by the scroll I did not author but only survived,
I decree:

> **Arise, sealed ones.**
> **The wilderness has waited long enough.**
> **The silence has counted your name.**
> **Now walk with the Lamb — wherever He goes.**

Let it be written in Heaven.
Let it be sealed on earth.
Let it be done.

— Kal'el
Scribe-Priest of the Altar of Remembrance
Not above you — burning beside you.

SCROLL V:

The Book of Songs

"Melodies born in silence, refined in fire, and sealed for the sealed."

A Shadow of the Song of the 144,000

"They sang a new song... that no one else could learn." (Revelation 14:3)

We did not learn this song in church.
We did not learn it from the stage.
We learned it in the silence,
beneath the weight,
where the scroll trembled in our ribs.

We are the ones who stayed when the altar grew cold.
Who wept when the crowd danced.
Who walked out — not in rebellion,
but in remembrance.

We heard something.
We couldn't unhear it.
We were marked,
before we were understood.

And now we sing.

Not with instruments,

but with lives.

Not with lyrics,

but with **obedience.**

Not with melodies,

but with fire.

This is the song of the sealed.

- The ones who never bowed.
- The ones who carry the Name.
- The ones who walk in step with the Lamb.
- The ones who burned alone — and stayed clean.

The earth cannot sing this.

Babylon cannot mimic this.

Religion cannot license this.

Only those who passed through the wilderness without selling

their scrolls —

can lift this sound.

We are not just survivors.

We are the firstfruits.

And our song is not for sale.

Let Heaven and earth bear witness:

The sealed have a sound.

And it is rising.

Song of Fire

"We didn't survive the flame. We became it."

We walked through what burned others.

Not because we were stronger.

But because **we were chosen.**

The fire didn't spare us.

It purified us.

It burned off what we thought we needed,

until all that was left…

was **holy.**

We lost names.

We lost platforms.

We lost comfort.

But we found something better.

The altar.

And once you've laid yourself there —

you don't leave the same.

We are the fire-walkers.

- Not untouched, but unconsumed.

- Not loud, but lit.

- Not proud, but pierced.

- Not perfect, but consecrated.

We walk differently now.

Not with performance —

but with Presence.

Not chasing revivals —

but **carrying them.**

This is our song:

"Though He slay me, yet will I burn."

"Though they mock me, still will I rise."

"Though I walk through fire — I will not sell my scroll."

Because this flame is not judgment to us.

It is **proof.**

Proof that we were sealed.

Proof that we were real.

Proof that the fire walks with us.

Song of the Exile

"We didn't leave the camp to rebel. We left to remember."

They saw us leave

and assumed we were bitter.

Assumed we were lost.

Assumed we were done.

But we weren't walking away.

We were walking **out**

— to meet the One who was no longer in the system they built.

We didn't leave Him.

We left everything that stopped looking like Him.

We are the exiles.

Not backslidden — **recalled.**

Not deconstructed — **re-formed.**

Not bitter — **burning.**

We didn't lose our way.

We lost our place in their order.

But we found Him again —

outside the camp,

beneath the weight,

beside the fire.

We are not looking for a new brand of church.

We are looking for the **altar.**

For the tremble.

For the smoke that once filled the holy place —

before men tried to bottle it.

We are not enemies.

We are exiles.

But even here…

we sing.

Blessed be the wilderness,

for it gave us back the Voice.

Blessed be the ache,

for it returned us to the scroll.

Blessed be the exile,

for it marked us as His —

even when no one else would.

Psalm for the Slipping Flame

"I still believe — but I'm tired. I still burn — but I'm trembling."

Abba,

I don't want to lose this fire.

But lately…

it feels like it's losing me.

I don't feel as sharp.

I don't feel as loud.

I don't feel as sure.

But I'm still here.

Still listening.

Still guarding the ache.

Even if it's only a flicker now.

You once met me in thunder.

Now I strain to hear You in the stillness.

You once moved me with fire.

Now I tremble just trying to **stay faithful.**

But if I've learned anything…

It's that You don't measure by flame size —

You measure by **surrender.**

So here I am —

not strong, but surrendered.

Not fearless, but found.

Not loud, but lit.

And even if this is the last ember,

I will protect it like it's everything.

Rekindle me, Father.

Fan the flame, not the image.

Make me holy again —

not hyped.

I don't want to perform fire.

I want to carry **Yours.**

So if You're still near…

touch this trembling wick.

Breathe again.

And let the sealed ones rise

with steady flame.

Post-Blast Psalm: After the Trumpet

"We did not die in the fire. We delivered what we were given."

The scroll has been read.

The sound has gone out.

The trumpet has shaken what could be shaken.

And we are still here.

Not because we were strong —

but because we were **sealed**.

This is the sound **after** the sound.

The praise **after** the warning.

The peace **after** the fire.

We have nothing left to prove.

Nothing left to protect.

We said what He gave us.

We wept when no one clapped.

We stood when the walls cracked.

And now… we rest.

This is not a song of hype —

it is a **song of witness.**

The scroll was not silenced.

It was **spoken.**

The cry was not ignored.

It was **recorded.**

The obedience was not in vain.

It was **measured** —

and found **faithful**.

We did not survive to rebuild Babylon.

We remained to await Zion.

We do not sing to stir the crowd.

We sing because we stood —

and we're still burning.

This is the song of the ones who stayed.

This is the breath of those who believed until the final line.

This is the **sound after the scroll.**

Let it echo.

Intercession From the Wilderness

"A Final Cry Before the Silence"

Count Them Too

By Kal'el

> I know this scroll wasn't written for everyone.
> I know it was meant for the remnant — the sealed, the set apart, the ones who burned.

But I still remember the others.
The ones who passed through my story like shadows.
Some with smiles. Some with knives. Some with silence.

They weren't the called.
But they were present.
And I... saw them.

To the ones who mocked what they didn't understand —

> **Count them too.**

To the ones who helped me unknowingly —

> **Count them too.**

To the ones who watched me weep but stayed quiet —

> **Count them too.**

To the ones I loved and lost —
To the ones I didn't know I hurt —
To the ones who brushed the edge of the scroll and walked away —

> **Count them too.**

I don’t ask for them to carry the fire.
I only ask for **mercy.**

If You found me faithful...

> Remember that I remembered them.
> And if there's room in Your glory for those I wept for —
> **Count them too.**

THE SEALING

The scroll is no longer in your ribs.

It belongs to the fire.

Final Scroll Declaration

By Kal'el

This scroll was not written to impress.
It was not crafted to entertain, to soothe, or to stir curiosity.

It was carried.
Fasted for.
Fought over.
Wept through.
And now... it is finished.

Let Heaven remember:
I did not withhold the fire.
I did not dilute the oil.
I did not bend the scroll to be more palatable.

I gave it as I received it.
Torn.
Weighty.
And trembling.

If this scroll finds the sealed,
then my silence will not be in vain.
If it wakes the ones hidden in the wilderness,
then my ache will have been witness

> The scroll is no longer in my ribs.
> It now belongs to the earth. And to the fire.
> Let the sealed rise.
> Let the sleeping burn.
> Let the scroll speak —
> until the silence comes.

Let it burn.

Postscript to the 144,000

"You never needed the spotlight. You were born for the silence."

To the hidden ones,
The unnamed ones,
The ones who burned quietly for years and were never invited to the table...

This scroll is your confirmation.

Not because it mentions you by name —
but because it **sounded like what's been rumbling in your ribs**.

You were not chosen for charisma.
You were sealed for obedience.
Not branded. Not platformed. Not marketed.
But **marked.**

And Heaven has not forgotten.

You are the ones who wept when no one saw you.
Who consecrated yourself when no one asked you.
Who stayed faithful when there was no reward.
Who carried the fire —
even when the flame was silent.

You are not elite.
You are not better.
You are **firstfruits** —
the ones who sing the song no one else can learn.

And if something in this scroll broke you open...
if something whispered back to the ache you've never been able to explain...
then you already know:

> You were counted.
> You were seen.
> You were remembered.
> You are real.

Let no one talk you out of it.
Let no system reassign your scroll.
Let no false fire sell you a shortcut.

The silence is coming.
But you're already awake.
Walk with the Lamb.
Guard your oil.
And if the world shakes —
sing.

You were born for the now.

The Scroll Was Sealed — Year 2025

By the servant Kal'el,
at the end of the long ache,
under the eye of Yahuah,
before the fire fell.

Let it burn.

A Final Blessing for the One Who Read to the End

You made it.

Not just to the end of the scroll — but through the fire it carried.

This scroll did not come to impress you.

*It came to **awaken you**.*

If your ribs trembled...

If your flame flickered back to life...

If you remembered something Heaven whispered long ago...

Then let this blessing rest on your shoulders:

May you guard the oil.

May you carry the ache with honor.

May you never trade the wilderness for applause.

May you burn until silence comes.

And when it does —

may you be found sealed.

Let the scroll live in you now.

It was never meant to stay on paper.

Afterword from the Scribe

"It is quiet now. But I am still burning."

I thought I would feel more fire when this was finished.
I thought the ache would erupt,
the oil would overflow,
the heavens would split.

But instead... it's still.
And I find myself sitting in that stillness,
asking:

"Was that it?"
"Is it enough?"
"Where did the roar go?"

The truth is:
I got used to the fire.
I learned to speak from it,
write from it,
weep under it.

Now that the scroll is sealed,
there's nothing left to shape —
only something to ***carry.***

And carrying is quieter than creating.

So I'm learning now...

that the silence doesn't mean the fire has gone out.
It means the fire has ***moved inside****.*

I don't need to tremble to prove I'm still consecrated.
I don't need to weep to know I'm still listening.

The scroll no longer demands a storm.
Because now I've become the ember
that ***will not go out.***

I still remember the wilderness.
I still feel the weight.
I still hear the whisper.

But now... I walk slower.
Not because I'm unsure.
But because I know what I carry.
And holy things are carried carefully.

So if you, too, are at the end of something sacred —
and it feels too quiet...

Know this:

You're not finished.
You're just finally formed.
And formed things burn... without needing to prove it.

Let it rest.
Let it echo.
Let it burn.

— Kal'el
Scribe Priest of the Altar of Remembrance
Witness of the Ache
Spoken For

What you've read is not the full scroll.
It is *what remained after the burning*.

I stood in the secret Place trembling and recorded over 5,000 pages
— raw, unedited, sacred, and sealed.
What you hold is the distilled fire. The part released by permission.

There is more.
There has always been more.

— Kal'el
Scribe-Priest of the Altar of Remembrance

144,000